

Gone

by thewiseassowl

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Summary: What if one of the heroes didn't make it back after closing the gate to Hell. One Shot.

Gone

I look in the mirror; the person in the mirror pulled her blonde hair up into a ponytail. A couple curls lay on either side of her face. Her once tan skin now is a ghost white. Her blue-grey eyes once so full of wisdom and wonder, now just look hollow and, well, dead. Bloodshot and puffy, but she doesn't care. She puts on her sunglasses and walks out of the cabin. The camp, once full of laughter and cheer, was now silent. It's a painful silence. Everybody feels it; it's just not the same. There is something missing now, there will always be something missing.

I make my way down to Cabin 3. The bronze number seems cloudy and a little rusted. I open the door and the smell wafts through. The salty smell of seaweed resonates in the room. My throat gets tight, a tear rolls down my cheek. I quickly wipe it away with the back of my hand. His bed is a mess, as usual, the comforter falling over the side of the bed. My hand brushes against the sea rock walls; reflections from the fountain in the middle of the room dance on the ceiling, though the water has been still ever since it happened.

I make my way over to the dresser; there are a couple pictures left taped on the mirror. The first image shows a young boy, maybe three or four. I recognize the black hair, all in a mess; those sea green eyes, lively and mischievous. There is a lady in the picture, I recognize her by her brown hair and blue eyes, even in the picture they seemed to change color in the light. You can tell by the way that they are looking at each other they love each other very much, only in the way a mother could love her son and her son love her. The two of them are laughing so hard; there are tears in the corners of their eyes.

The second image shows this boy older, about seven or eight. He is blowing out the candles on a blue cake, but that isn't the only food that's blue. There are blue waffles, candies, muffins and even blue Jello. He always did have a thing for blue. I chuckle, probably at least partially due to his parentage. The mother is in the picture again; this time she is hugging her son. You can tell the years have worn at her but still she is beautiful; that unconditional love for him still in her eyes. The cake reads, `_"Happy Birthday Percy_"`.

The last image shows him as I knew him, the tall seventeen years old I fell for back when we were twelve. His hair never changed from the time he was a kid to that point, still a jet-black mess. But his eyes seemed to hold the whole ocean in those green irises. Those eyes, which were looking right into the grey-blue eyes of the girl in the picture. They both are standing on the beach right outside this cabin, wearing matching orange shirts; him in jeans and her in jean shorts. Her arms are around his neck, his arm wrapped around her waist while the other was pulling a blonde curl from her face.

I smile. I remember this moment. I remember the warmth of the summer breeze and the smell of the ocean. I remember the way his lips felt on mine. I remember the giggles from behind the tree of the campers who took this picture. Most of all I remember the way it felt to be in his arms, like nothing could ever disturb that moment. No amount of minotaurs or Furies or giants would ever compare, because even when we were fighting off these monsters he was by my side. I knew that while he was by my side we would be okay. That we would defeat them and everything would be okay for a while. My throat gets tight again and tears start flowing. Once they start flowing I can't stop them as I remember the reality.

He's not here anymore. There is no more Annabeth and Percy. There are no more warm moments on the beach or underwater kisses. There will never be another moment when he laughs because of a face I make while I'm reading, or when he does something or says something that is so ridiculous I call him Seaweed Brain. He was my Seaweed Brain. But now he's gone, and I can never get him back.

The tears start coming faster and faster and soon I'm sobbing. I sit on the floor with my back against the dresser just bawling my eyes out. "IT SHOULD HAVE BEEN ME!" I scream and throw my hand against the floor. "WHY HIM? WHY DID HE HAVE TO BE SUCH A HEROIC LITTLE IDIOT?" I start pounding the floor, "WHY, WHY, WHY! THERE MUST HAVE BEEN ANOTHER WAY! THERE SHOULD HAVE BEEN ANOTHER WAY!" I'm full out screaming at the top of my lungs at this point. Incoherently at best, I start ripping drawers out of the dresser and throwing them across the room. I start kicking the wall, then the fountain. I rip all the bedding off the bed until finally I'm drained. I wrap myself in the comforter and just lay on the floor, now silent. Just crying. "Why, why, why, why, why?" My lip trembles and I just lay there.

I hear something; curious I look around, eyes resting on the fountain. The water, it's moving again. I slowly get up, wiping my face with my hands as I walk over and look around the fountain. The hair stands up on the back of my neck; I hear footsteps. I spin around to the sight of black hair just as I hear a familiar voice. "What happened in here?"

I don't know how to react. He looks exactly the same as he did the day those doors to hell shut. Scrapes, bruises and scars cover him.

His shirt and shorts are torn but poking out of his pocket I see a familiar pen. "Percy?" I let out a breath I didn't realize I had been holding. He smirked "It's me, Wise Girl." The tears are flowing again and I rush to him, "Oh Seaweed Brain!" I try to fling my arms around him but they go right through him. I stare at my arms, my hands out in front of me. My face bunches up, "I can't even touch you." I look at his face, his eyes so sad but so full of love. "It's okay sweetheart. It is all okay. I can't stay for long but I will see you again." I am as close as I can be, our faces an inch apart. "And when I do I will be able to hug you and tell you that it wasn't your fault. I just had to be that 'heroic idiot'." He smiles a little and I chuckle wiping some of the tears away. I look directly into his eyes, "I just miss you so much Percy. I don't even know how to move on!"

He places his hand on my cheek, but he just feels like cold water on my skin.

"I miss you too Annie, but remember that I am always with you, no matter where you go, no matter what you do I am watching you and I will always be ridiculously proud of all that you can accomplish."

He starts backing away towards the door.

"It's time for me to go Wise Girl."

My eyes widen, "No! Please don't go, stay with me. Please stay."

I move towards him till we both are in the doorway. "Please don't go yet Percy. We need more time, this can't be it."

He shakes his head, "It's time for me to move on from this form."

I shake my head, refusing to let him go again. "No! No Percy I will NOT lose you again."

He looks at me, "You'll never lose me Annabeth."

He looks down at himself and I see what he is looking at, parts of him are flecking off and floating through the wind.

I feel his "hand" under my chin and I lift my face to look at him.

"I love you" he says.

"I know" I choke out.

He smirks and his face starts blowing away in the wind.

Now he is just gone.

And, once again, the fountain goes silent.

\* \* \*

><p><strong>I'm backkkk \*insert sassy emoji\*<strong>

\*\*I am so sorry babes, I have been gone far too long. At first it was

a writer's block then I got a concussion in December and have been dealing with Post Concussion Syndrome for the past two months. :/  
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\*\*But, with some motivation from my awesome sauce friend, I have finally gotten back into the game!\*\*

\*\*I know where I want to go with most of my stories and hopefully you guys should be seeing an update on Goode High School fairly soon.  
\*\*

\*\*Again I apologize greatly my lovelies for my unfortunate absence. Hopefully it will never happen again, at least not while I still have three stories to finish. \*\*

\*\*Talk soon babes,\*\*

\*\*XOXO  
>- athena<strong>

End  
file.